E. C. Schneider

Evangelical Fellowship Songs

EVANGELICAL FELLOWSHIP SONGS

Introduction

This collection of folk songs, spirituals, hymns and social fellowship songs and choruses is published by authority of the General Board of Christian Education. The selections were made by R. H. Mueller, General Secretary, and Raymond M. Veh, Chairman of the Committee on the Christian Education of Young People, after careful collaboration with many Camp and Summer Assembly leaders.

In this convenient form we are able to present the songs most widely used in our church. This book is intended for use in local churches, in convention and institute groups, in summer assemblies and camps, Evangelical Youth Fellowship, Albright Brotherhood and other groups in the church.

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We Would Be Building

FINLANDIA

Purd E. Dietz — Jean Sibelius

1. We would be build-ing; tem-ples still un-done — O'er crum-bling
2. Teach us to build; up-on the sol-id rock — We set the
3. O keep us build-ing, Mas-ter; may our hands — Ne'er fal-ter

walls their cros-ses scarce-ly lift; — Wait-ing till love can
dream that hard-ens in-to deed, — Ribbed with the steel that
when the dream is in our hearts, — When to our ears there

raise the bro-ken stone, — And hearts cre-a-tive
time and change doth mock, — Th'un-fail-ing pur-pose
come di-vine com-mands — And all the pride of

bridge the hu-man rift; — We would be build-ing, Mas-ter, let Thy
of our no-blest creed; — Teach us to build; O Mas-ter, lend us
sin-ful will de-parts; — We build with Thee, O grant en-dur-ing

plan — Re-veal the life that God would give to man.
sight — To see the tow-ers gleam-ing in the light.
worth — Un-til the heav'n-ly King-dom comes on earth.

Copyright 1938 by P. E. Dietz. Arr. per. Westminster Press

BEAUTY AROUND US

B. S. Ingemann

Silecian Folk Tune

DESCANT: A - ges are com - ing,

Beau - ty a - round us, Glo - ry a - bove us
A - ges are com - ing, Roll on and van - ish,

Chil - dren shall fol - low where fa - thers have

Love - ly is earth and the smil - ing skies;
Chil - dren shall fol - low where fa - thers passed;

trod. Nev - er our pil - grim song, joy - ful, heav - en born,

Sing - ing we pass a - long, Pil - grims up - on our way Thru
Nev - er our pil - grim song, Joy - ful and heav - en - born, Shall

shall cease while time and moun - tains last.

these fair lands of par - a - dise.
cease while time and moun - tains last. A - men.

—Translated by S. D. Rodholm. Descant by W. F. Miller

THAT CAUSE CAN NEITHER BE LOST

Kr. Ostergaard — J. Nellemann

1. That cause can neith - er be lost nor stayed Which takes the course of what God hath made; And is not trust - ing in walls and tow - ers, But slow - ly grow - ing from seed to flow - ers.
2. Each no - ble serv - ice that men have wrought Was first con - ceived as a fruit - ful thought; Each wor - thy cause with a fu - ture glo - rious By quiet - ly grow - ing be - comes vic - to - rious.
3. There - by it - self like a tree it shows; That high it reach - es as deep it grows; And when the storms are its branch - es shak - ing, It deep - er root in the soil is tak - ing.
4. Be then no more by a storm dis - mayed, For by it the full - grown seeds are laid; And tho' the tree by its might it shat - ters, What then, if thous - ands of seeds it scat - ters.

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A Mighty Fortress

EIN FESTE BURG

M. L.

Martin Luther, 1529

A might - y for - tress is our God, A

bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er He a-

mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; For

still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His

craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cru - el

hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A - men.

2.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing, —
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He!
Lord Sabaoth, His name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.

3.

And though this world, with devils filled
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim —
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure;
For lo, his doom is sure;
One little word shall fell him.

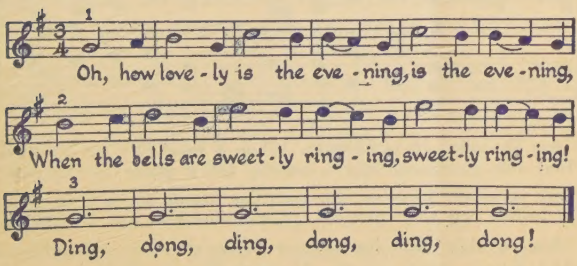
4.

That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through Him Who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther, 1529. Tr. by F. H. Hedge, 1852

LOVELY EVENING

German Round



ARE YE ABLE

Earl Marlatt — Harry S. Mason

"Are ye a-ble," said the Mas-ter, "To be cru-ci-fied with me?" "Yea," the stur-dy dream-ers an-swered, "To the death we fol-low Thee."

REFRAIN

"Lord, we are a-ble," Our spir-its are Thine, Re-mold them, make us like Thee, di-vine. Thy guid-ing ra-diance a-bove us shall be A bea-con to God, To faith and loy-al-ty.

"Are ye able" to remember, When a thief lifts up his eyes,
That His pardoned soul is worthy Of a place in Paradise?

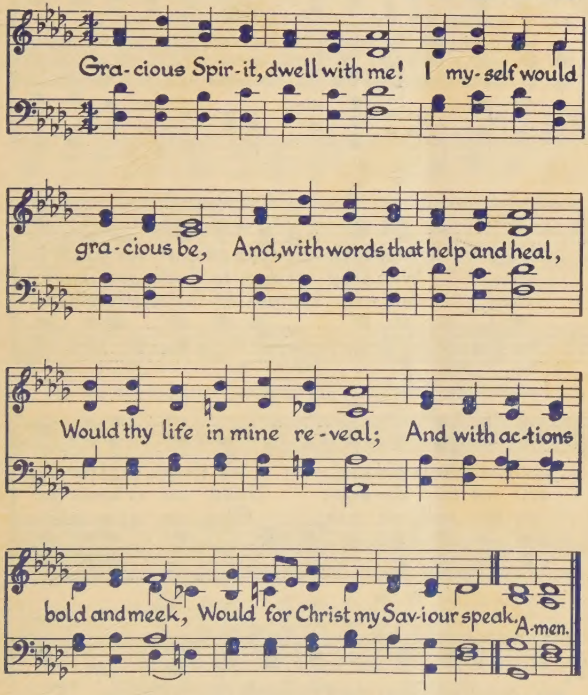
"Are ye able?" when the shadows Close around you with the sod
To believe that spirit triumphs, To commend your soul to God?

"Are ye able" still the Master Whispers down eternity,
And heroic spirits answer, Now, as then in Galilee.

Gracious Spirit, Dwell With Me

PALGRAVE

Thomas T. Lynch, 1818-1871 — H. de la Haye Blackith



2

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me! I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear, Let thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly, Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me! I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail, Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope, Pressing on and bearing up.

4

Holy Spirit, dwell with me! I myself would holy be:
Separate from Sin, I would Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be Give to Him who gave me thee.

O Master Workman of the Race

MATERNA

Jay T. Stocking, 1912 — Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1. O Mas - ter Work-man of the race, Thou man of Gal - i - lee,
2. O Car - pen - ter of Naz - a - reth, Build - er of life di - vine,
3. O thou who dost the vis - ion send, And gives to each his task,

Who with the eyes of ear - ly youth E - ter - nal things did see;
Who shap - est man to God's own law, Thy - self the fair de - sign,
And with the task suf - fi - cient strength, Show us thy will, we ask;

We thank thee for thy boy - hood faith That shone thy whole life through;
Build us a tower of Christ - like height, That we the land may view,
Give us a con - science bold and good, Give us a pur - pose true,

"Did ye not know it is my work My Fa - ther's work to do?"
And see like thee our no - blest work Our Fa - ther's work to do.
That it may be our high - est joy, Our Fa - ther's work to do. A - men.

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ONWARD BROTHERS

H. Havelock Ellis — Beethoven

On-ward, broth-ers, march still on-ward, Side by side and hand in hand;

We are bound for man's true king-dom, We are an in-creas-ing band

Tho' the way seems of-ten doubt-ful, Hard the toil which we en-dure,

Tho' at times our cour-age fal-ters, Yet the prom-ised land is sure. A-men

Olden sages saw it dimly,
And their joy to madness wrought;
Living men have gazed upon it
Standing on the hills of thought.
All the past has done and suffered,
All the daring and the strife,
All has helped to mold the future,
Make man master of his life.
Still brave deeds and kind are needed.
Noble thoughts and feelings fair;
Ye, too, must be strong and suffer,
Ye, too, have to do and dare.
Onward, brothers, march still onward,
March still onward, hand in hand;
Till ye see at last man's kingdom,
Till ye reach the Promised Land.

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Hymn For Youth

LLANGLOFFAN

William K. Anderson

Welsh Melody

1. Lord of all life, we of - fer To thee our ar-dent praise
2. Lord of all truth, we praise thee For treas-ries of the mind
3. Lord of all jus-tice, show us The bet-ter world to be,
4. Lord of the fu-ture, guide us! The hid-den years a-head

That thou hast giv'n thy chil - dren The march of joy-ous days,
By he-roes saints, and mar-tyrs Be-queathed to all man-kind;
When men shall dwell in broth-er-hood And ev-'ry slave be free.
We face with hope and con-fi-dence If by thy Spir-it led.

The beau-ty of the broad green earth, Love bind-ing friend to friend,
For search-ers af-ter wis - dom, For proph-ets brave and free,
In-struct our minds, in-spire our hearts, Sup-port the wav-'ring will,
May Je-sus be the Mas - ter Who claims our loy-al-ty;

Glad youth, and health and hap-pi-ness, And mer-cies with-out end.
For men of sci-ence who have tho't Thy great tho'ts af-ter thee.
That, serv-ing well thy king-dom's ends, We may thy plans ful-fill.
May his all-con-qu'ring dream of love Be ours e-ter-nal-ly.

Words by permission of William K. Anderson

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

Helen Hill Miller, 1920 — Sallie Hume Douglas, 1915

1. To the Knights in the days of old, Keep-ing watch on the
2. And we who would serve the King, And loy-al-ly

mount-tain height, Came a vi-sion of Ho-ly Grail And a
Him o-bey, In the con-se-crate si-lence knew That the

voice through the wait-ing night. Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low the
chal-lenge still holds to-day. Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low the

gleam Ban-ners un-furled o'er all the world, Fol-low, fol-
gleam Stan-dards of worth o'er all the earth, Fol-low, fol-

low, fol-low the gleam Of the Chal-ice that is the Grail.
low, fol-low the gleam Of the light that shall bring the dawn.

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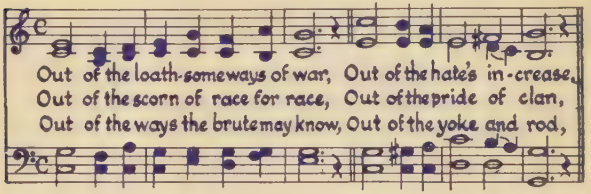
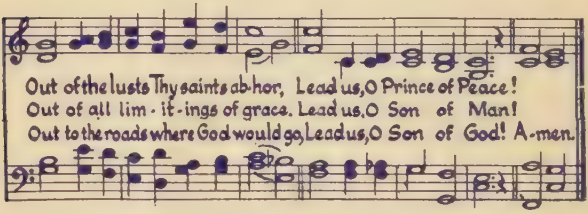
A HYMN FOR OUR DAY

Alternate tune: DUNDEE or BELMONT

D. P. McGeachy — C. W. Dieckmann

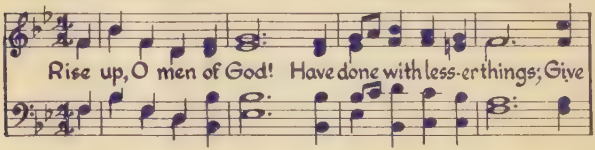




Rise Up, O Men of God!

FESTAL SONG

William P. Merrill, 1911 — William H. Walter, 1894



2

Rise up, O Men fo God!
His kingdom tarries long:
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

3

Rise up O men of God!
  The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to the task:
  Rise up and make her great!

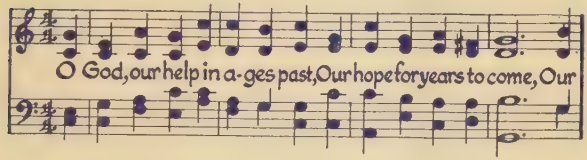
4

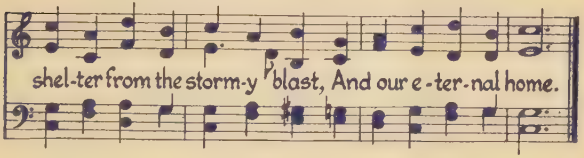
Lift high the cross of Christ
  Tread where his feet have trod:
As brothers of the Son of man
  Rise up, O men of God.

O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

Tune: St. Anne

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748 — Dr. Croft





2

Before the hills in order stood,
  Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou are God,
  To endless years the same.

3

A thousand ages in thy sight
  Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
  Before the rising sun.

4

O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
  And our eternal home.

I WOULD BE TRUE

Howard A. Walters, 1883-1918 — Joseph Yates Peek

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suf - fer;

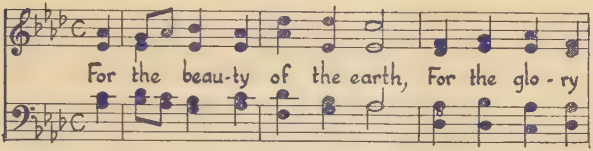
I would be brave, for there is much to dare,

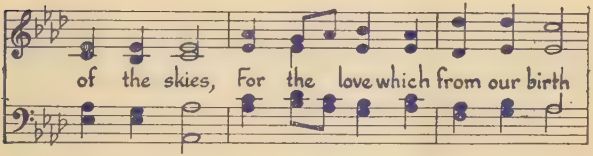
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

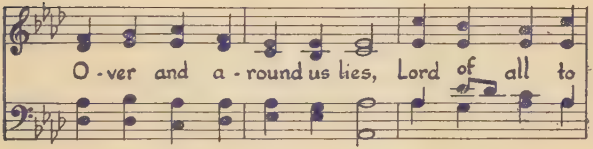
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would look up and laugh, and love, and lift.
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
: : I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. : :

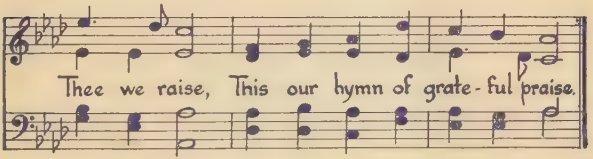
FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

F. S. Pierpont, 1864 — Arr. Conrad Kocher, 1838









For the wonder of each hour, Of the day and of the night
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon and stars of light;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise.

3.

For the joy of human love, Brother, sister, parent child;
Friends on earth and friends above, For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise.

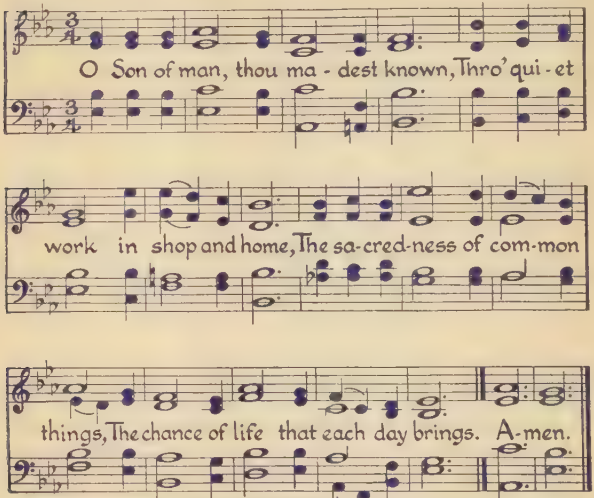
4.

For Thy Church that evermore Lifteth holy hands above,
Off'ring up on ev'ry shore Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise.

O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known

MARYTON

Milton S. Littlefield, 1916 — H. Percy Smith, 1874



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O Workman true, may we fulfill
  In daily life thy Father's will;
In duty's call, thy call we hear
  To fuller life thru work sincere.

3

And thus we pray in deed and word,
  Thy kingdom come on earth, O Lord;
In work that gives effect to prayer
  Thy purpose for thy world we share.

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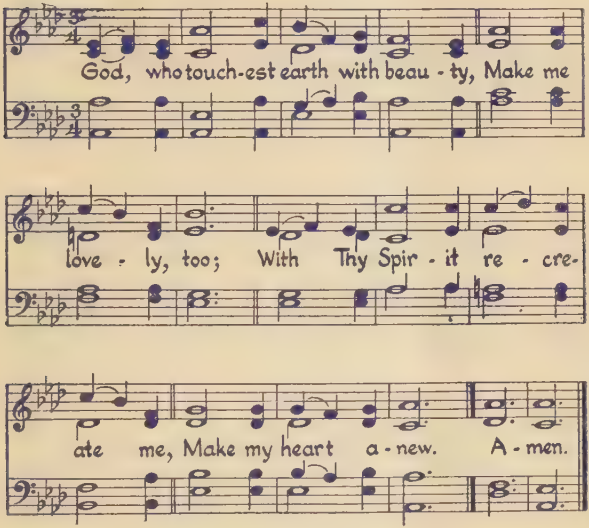
NATURE HYMN

Prize Camp Hymn, C. D. A., 1926 — James E. Jones



Like the springs and running waters
Make me crystal pure.
Like the rocks of towering grandeur
Make me strong and sure.

3

Like Thy dancing waves in sunlight
Make glad and free;
Like the straightness of the pine tree
Let me upright be.

4

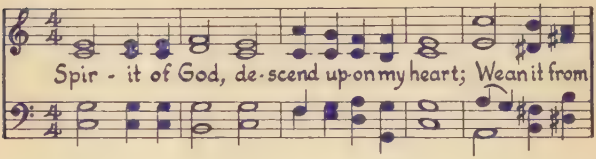
Like the arching of the heavens
Lift my thoughts above;
Turn my dreams to noble action—
Ministries of love.

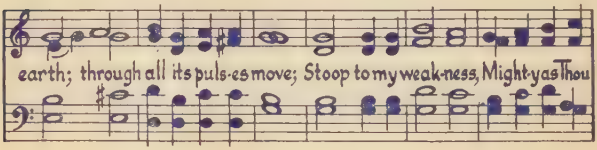
5

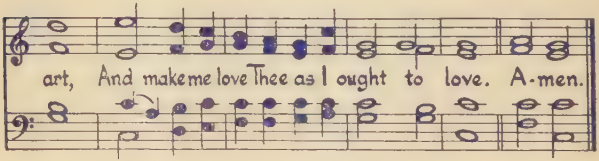
God who touchest earth with beauty
Make me lovely, too.
Keep me ever by Thy Spirit
Pure and strong and true.

SPIRIT OF GOD DESCEND UPON MY HEART

George Croly, 1854 — Frederick C. Atkinson, 1870







2. I ask no dream, no prophet ecstacies,
   No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
   No angel visitant, no opening skies;
   But take the dimness of my soul away.

3. Teach me to feel that thou are always nigh;
   Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
   To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
   Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

4. Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
   One holy passion filling all my frame,—
   The baptism of the heaven descended Dove,
   My heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Tune: Finlandia

1. Dear Lord, who art wher-ev-er love a bid-eth, — May all man-
2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread, our Fa-ther, — For-give our

kind re-vere Thy ho - ly name; — Thy king-dom come in
debts, for we too have for-giv'n. — Lend us Thy grace when

all its pow'r and beau-ty — In all men's hearts, o'er
we must face temp-ta-tion; — Save us from e - vil

all the earth, we pray; — Thy will be done, each of us true to
at our work or play, — Thine is the king-dom, Thine the pow'r our

du-ty, — In all we think, in all we do or say. —
Fa-ther, — Thine be the glo - ry, ev-er-more. A-men. —

Arranged by Orrin L. Keener

NOW ON LAND AND SEA DESCENDING

Samuel Longfellow **D. S. Bortniansky**

1. Now, on land and sea de-scend-ing, Brings the night its peace pro-found;
2. Soon as dies the sun-set glo-ry, Stars of heav'n shine out a-bove,
3. Now, our wants and bur-dens leav-ing To His care Who cares for all,
4. As the dark-ness deep-ens o'er us, Lo! e-ter-nal stars a-rise;

Let our ves-per hymn be blend-ing With the ho-ly calm a-round.
Tell-ing still the an-cient sto-ry Their Cre-a-tor's change-less love.
Cease we fear-ing, cease we griev-ing: At His touch our bur-dens fall.
Hope and faith and love rise glo-rious, Shin-ing in the spir-it's skies.

f-p

Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! A-men.

Let our ves-per hymn be blend-ing With the ho-ly calm a-round.
Tell-ing still the an-cient sto-ry Their Cre-a-tor's change-less love.
Cease we fear-ing, cease we griev-ing: At His touch our bur-dens fall.
Hope and faith and love rise glo-rious, Shin-ing in the spir-it's skies.

AT WORSHIP

Evelyn Thompson Towle

pp

Eve-ning skies! Sun-rise! Lakes and rush-ing wa-ter;
Star-ry skies! Moon-rise! Far, e-ter-nal heav-ens;

pp

Make all things un-love-ly From my soul de-part;
Take a-way my small-ness, Make me long to grow;

With grandeur *pp*

Pur-ple moun-tains ris-ing high! Trees a-gainst the sky;
Vast-ness of the u-ni-verse! Time-less-ness of space;

Thoughtfully *pp*

Life is beau-ti-ful be-cause God speaks with-in my heart!
Life is won-der-ful be-cause God speaks with-in my soul!

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WHITE CORAL BELLS

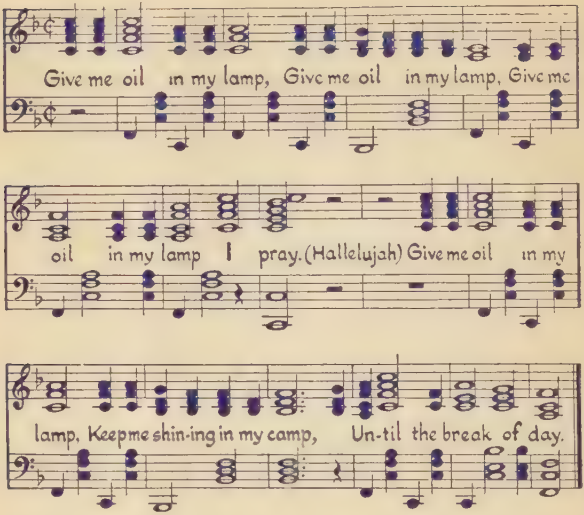
1 2

White cor-al bells up-on a slen-der stalk, Lil-lies of the val-ley deck my gar-den walk.

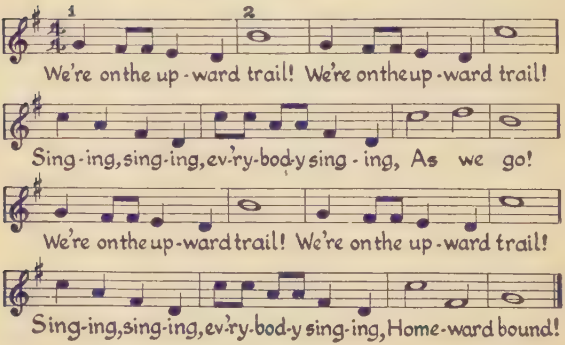
3 4

Oh, don't you wish that you could hear them ring? That will hap-pen on-ly when the fair-ies sing.

OIL IN MY LAMP



UPWARD TRAIL



LORD, I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN

Negro Spiritual

Solo *mf* Lord I want to be a Christ-ian Chorus *Cresc.* In-a my heart, in-a my

Solo *mf* Lord I want to be a Christ-ian Solo & Chorus *Cresc.* heart, In-a my heart, in-a my

più f *cresc.* heart. In-a my heart, in-a my heart, In-a my heart,

mp Chorus Lord I want to be a Christ-ian In-a my heart.

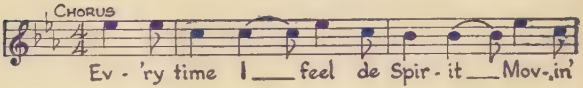
2. Lord, I want to be more loving, etc.

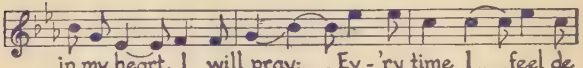
3. Lord, I want to be more holy, etc.

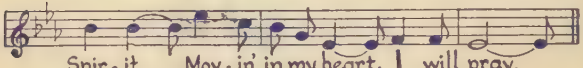
4 Lord, I don t want to be like Judas, etc.

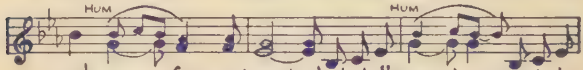
EV'RY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT

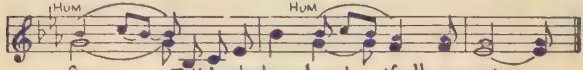
—Arranged by Mrs. Marion Downs



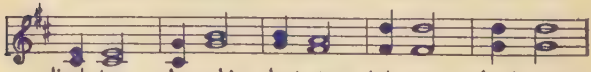


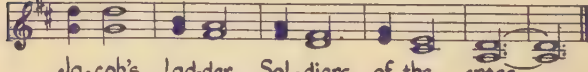






JACOB'S LADDER





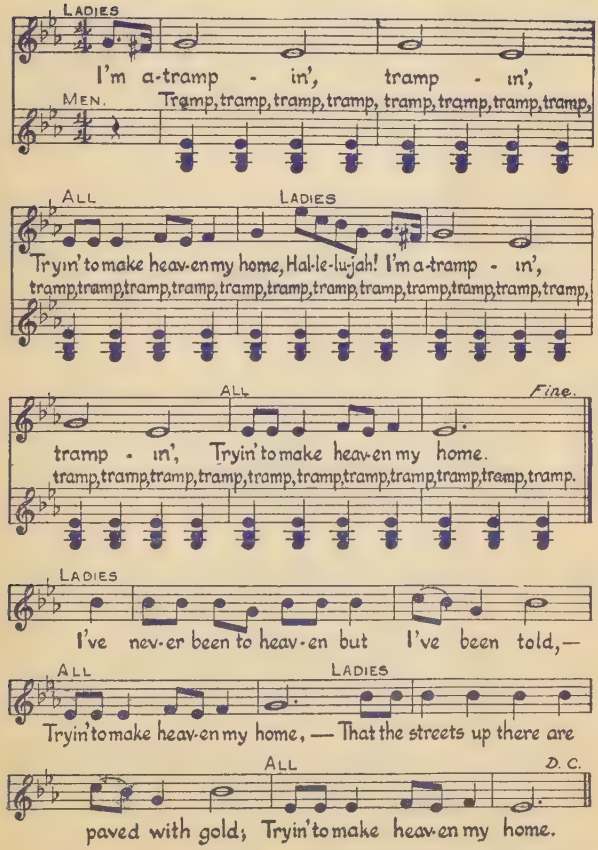
2—Every round goes higher, higher,
Every round goes higher, higher,
Every round goes higher higher,
Soldiers of the cross.

3—Sinner, do you love my Jesus? . . . .

4—If you love Him, why not serve Him?

5—Rise — Shine — Give God glory!

TRAMPIN'



—From Fun Encyclopedia—Used by permission

Deep River

Negro Spiritual

Deep riv-er, my home is o-ver Jor-dan

Deep riv-er, Lord, I want to cross o-ver in-to

Fine

camp ground. Oh don't you want to go to that

gos-pel feast, That prom-ised land where

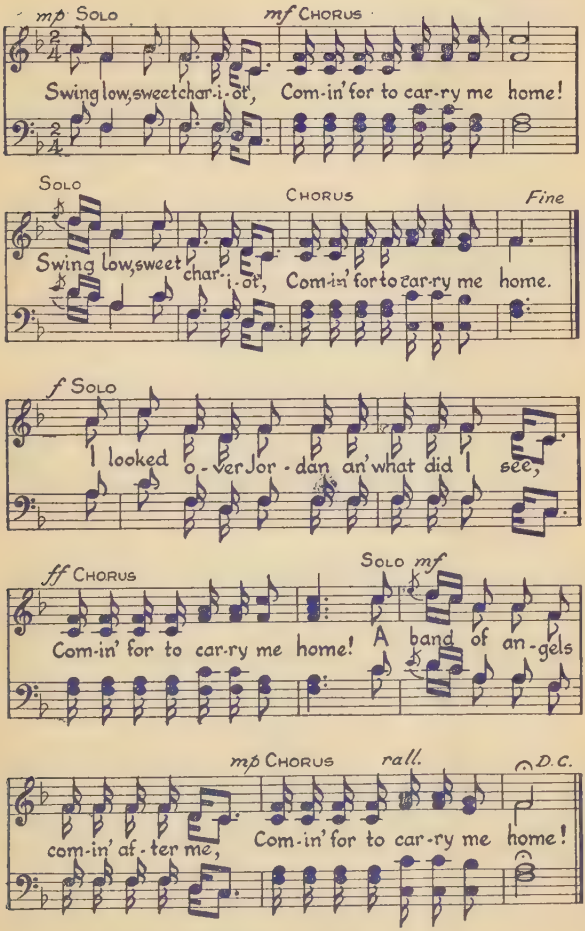
all is peace, Oh don't you want to go to that

D.C.

prom-ised land where all is peace?

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Negro Spiritual



If you get there before I do,
Jess tell my fren's I'm comin' too.

3

I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down,
But still my soul feels heavenly boun'.

I AIN'T GWINE STUDY WAR

Spiritual

LEADER — CHORUS

Gwine to lay down my bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side,

LEADER

Down by the riv-er-side, Down by the riv-er-side, Gwine to lay down my

CHORUS

bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side to stud-y war no more.

REFRAIN

I ain't gwine stud-y war no more, ain't gwine stud-y war no

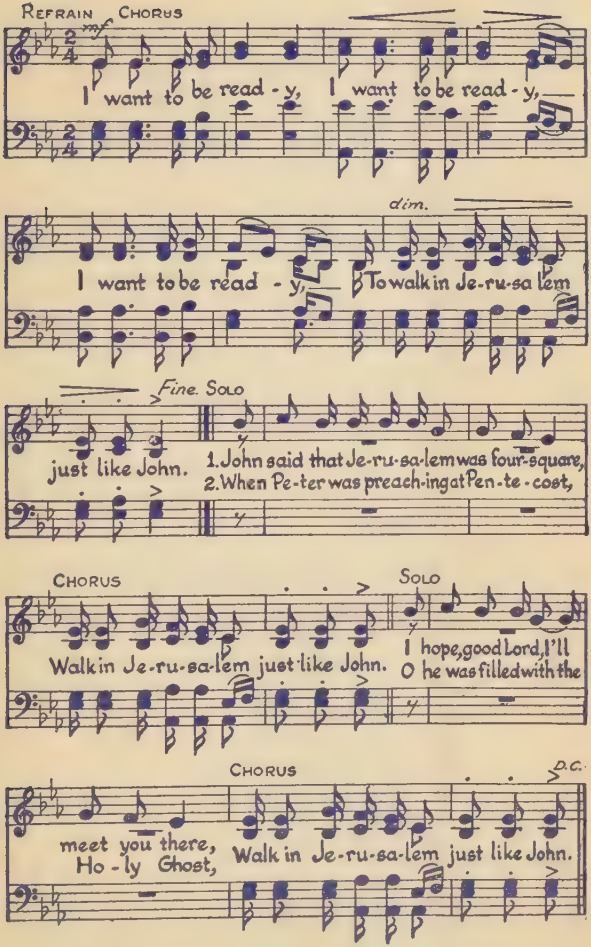
more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more. Ain't gwine stud-y war no

stud-y war no more

more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more.

I WANT TO BE READY

Spiritual



From THE DETT COLLECTION OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS, First Group, Permission Hall & McCreary Co., Chicago.

O NOBODY KNOWS

Spiritual

REFRAIN

Oh, no-bod-y knows de trou-ble I've seen. No-bod-y knows but Je-sus

Fine

No-bod-y knows de trou-ble I've seen. Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah.

DUET — CHORUS

Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down, Oh, yes, Lord
Al-though you see me goin' 'long so,

DUET — CHORUS — D. C.

Some-times I'm al-most to de ground, Oh, yes, Lord.
I have my tri-als here be-low,

One day when I was walking along, Oh yes Lord:
The elements open's and Love came down, Oh yes . . .
I never shall forget that day, Oh yes, Lord.
When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh yes, Lord.

TALLIS CANON

Thomas Ken, 1695 — Thomas Tallis, 1565

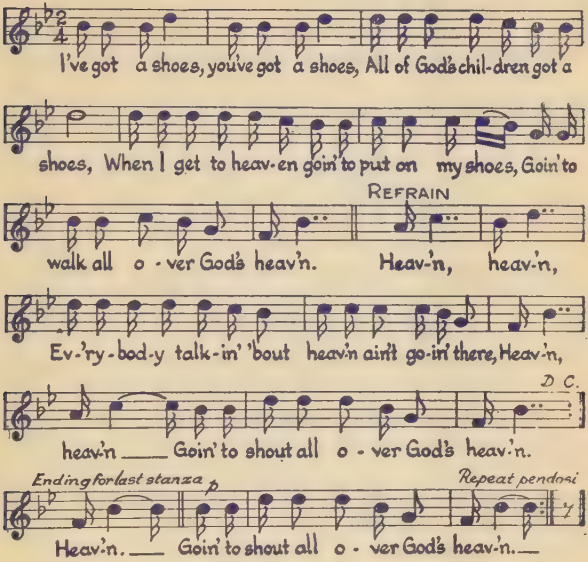
With dignity — *Succeeding voices enter here

Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep

me, oh keep me, King of Kings, Be-neath Thine own Al-might-y wings.

I'VE GOT A SHOES

Negro Spiritual



2. I've got a robe—Goin to shout all over—
3. I've got a wings—Goin to fly all over—
4. I've got a crown—Goin to shout all over—

RESPONSIVE GRACE

Leader: The eyes of all await upon Thee,
O Lord,

ALL: AND THOU GIVEST THEM THEIR MEAT IN DUE SEASON;

Leader: Thou openest Thine hand:

ALL: AND FILLEST ALL THINGS LIVING WITH PLENTEOUSNESS.

—Psalm 145: 14, 15

WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

We're on our knees a-pray-in'—We shall not be moved. We're on our knees a-pray-in'—We shall not be moved—Just like a tree plant-ed by the wa-ter—We shall not be moved.

CHORUS

We shall not be, we shall not be moved—
We shall not be—we shall not be moved—Just like a tree plant-ed by the wa-ter—We shall not be moved.

Father In Heaven

MELODY IN F

Fa-ther in heav-en, we thank Thee in song For Thy great boun-ties; hear our re-quest;—Bless us this day, and for Thee make us strong;—Be Thou our un-seen guest.

Fairest Lord Jesus

CRUSADER'S HYMN

Munster, 1667 — Silecian Folk Song

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
2. Fair are the mead-ows, Fair-er still the wood-lands,

O Thou of God and man the Son,
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring:

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thee,
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who

my soul's Glo - ry, Joy, and Crown.
makes the woe - ful heart to sing. A - men.

3

Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Katharine Lee Bates

Tune: Materna

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned

grain. For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A -
stress, A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A -

bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A -
cross the wil - der - ness! A - mer - i - ca! A -

mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con -

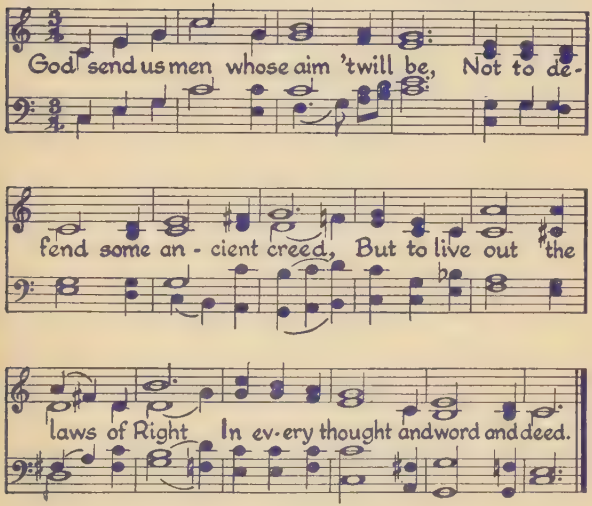
crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!

O beautiful for patriot dream
  That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
  Undimmed by human tears.
America! America!
  God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
  From sea to shining sea.

God Send Us Men

MELROSE

F. J. Gillman — Frederick C. Maker



God send us men alert and quick
  His lofty precepts to translate,
Until the laws of Right become
  The laws and habits of the State.

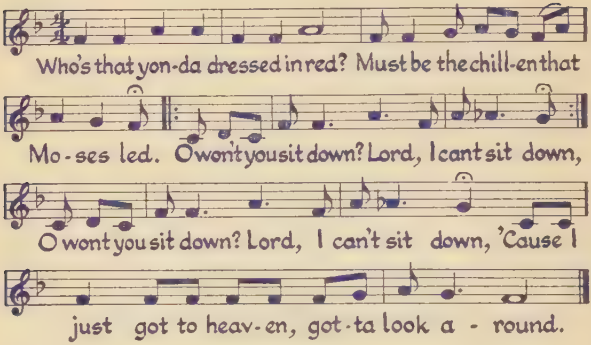
3.

God send us men of steadfast will,
  Patient, courageous, strong and true:
With vision clear and mind equipped,
  His will to learn, His work to do.

4.

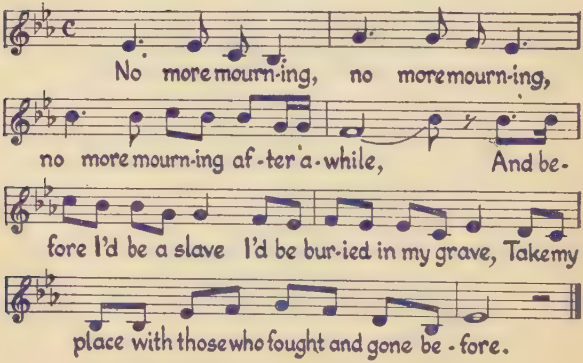
God send us men with hearts ablaze,
  All truth to love, all wrong to hate;
These are the patriots nations need,
  These are the bulwarks of the state.

O WON'T YOU SIT DOWN



2. Who's that yonda dressed in white?
   Must be the chillun of the Israelites.
3. Black? . . . Hypocrites turnin' back.
4. Pink? . . . Solomon tryin' to think.
5. Green? . . . Ezekiel in his flyin' machine.
6. Gray? . . . Sinners turnin' away.
7. Blue? . . . Chillun a-comin' thru.

NO MORE MOURNING

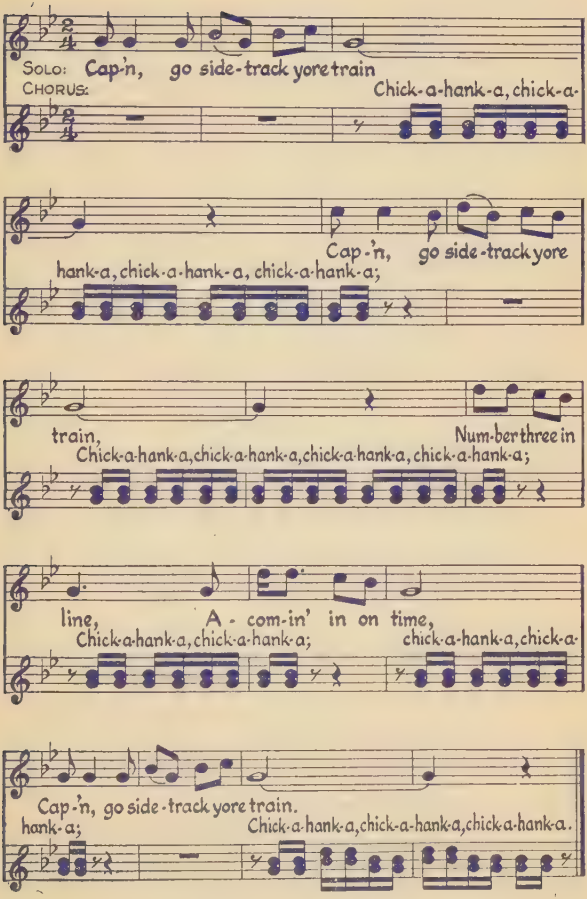


2. No more misery, No more misery . . . .
3. Oh Freedom, Oh, Freedom . . . .

—Courtesy Southern Tenant Farmers Union

CHICKA HANKA

Track Laborer's Song



CAME A-RIDING

Czech

Came a-rid - ing by one day,
Oft he asked in man-ner bold, Zum-ta-dy - ja - dy - ja;
This lit-tle heart I'd give to you,

A suit - or jaun - ty, bold and gay,
How could I this wreath with-hold? Zum-ta-dy - ja - dy - ja! (Hej!)
Could I be sure your own were true.

REFRAIN

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja, zum-ta-dy - ja - da, zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja,

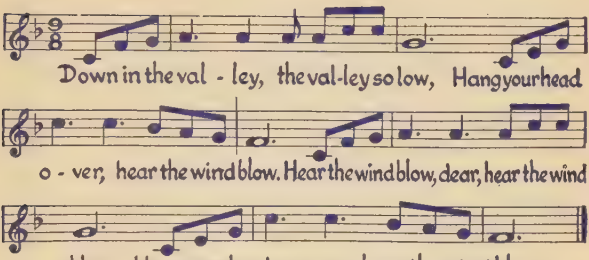
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Zum - ta-dy - ja - da, zum - ta-dy - ja - dy - ja,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Zum - ta-dy - ja - da, zum - ta-dy - ja - dy - ja!

—Free translation by Martha C. Ramsey. By permission.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

American Folk Song



Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven knows I love you;
Knows I love you, dear, knows I love you,
Angels in heaven, knows I love you.

3.

Write me a letter containing these lines,
Answer my question, will you be mine?
Will you be mine dear, will you be mine?
Answer my question, will you be mine?

4.

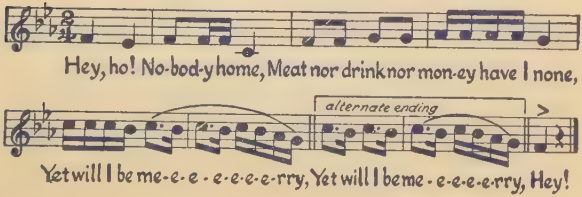
If you don't love me, love whom you please,
Throw your arms around me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease, dear, give my heart ease;
Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease.

5.

Build me a castle, forty feet high,
So I can see him as he rides by;
As he rides by, dear, as he hides by;
So I can see him as he rides by.

—From Lulu M. Hale, Ary, Ky.

HEY HO! NOBODY HOME



Little Sir Echo

J. S. Fearis

ECHO

Lit-tle Sir Ech-o, how do you do? Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-
Lit-tle Sir Ech-o is ver-y shy.
Lit-tle Sir Ech-o is ver-y near.

lo, Hel-lo, Lit-tle Sir Ech-o will an-swer you.
Lit-tle Sir Ech-o will make re-ply. Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-
Lit-tle Sir Ech-o will an-swer clear.

lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo. Hel-lo. Won't you come o-ver and

poco rall.

play? and play? You're a nice lit-tle fel-low, we

a tempo

know by your voice, But you're al-ways so far a-way. a-way.

Copyright by J. S. Fearis and Bro., Chicago. Used by permission

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Moderato

Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me,
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,

Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for thee;
Lull'd by the moon-light have all pass'd a-. . . . . way!

Beau-ti-ful dream-er, queen of my song,—List while I woo thee with

soft mel-o-dy;— Gone are the cares of life's bus-y throng,

Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me!

Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me!

ALOUETTE

Cho. *Fine*

Al-ou-ette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai

(Leader) *(All)* *(Leader)* *(All)* *D.C.*

Je te plumerai la tete, Je te plumerai la tete, Et la tete, et la tete-Oh

2. Je te plumerai le bec
Et le bec, ET LE BEC,
Et la tete, ET LA TETE, O ALOUETTE (etc.)

JE TE PLUMERAI LE BEC

3. Le nez 4. Le dos 5. Les pattes 6. Le cou.

NOTE: After the first verse, the 7th measure is repeated with the words in reverse order. For example the last verse would be: Et le COU (neck), et les PATTES (feet), et le DOS (back), et le NEZ (nose), et le BEC (mouth), et le TETE, Oh, Alouette, gentile Alouette, Je te plumerai.

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

SHE

"O sol - dier, sol - dier, won't you mar-ry me? With your

HE

mus - ket, fife, and drum?" "O no, sweet maid, I

Fine

can-not mar-ry thee, For I { have no coat / have no hat / have no gloves / have no boots } to put on."
{ have a wife of my own." *(End)*

CHORUS

Then up she went to her grand - fa-thers chest, And

got him a { coat / hat / pair / pair } of the ve-ry, ve-ry best, She got him a { coat / hat / pair / pair } of the

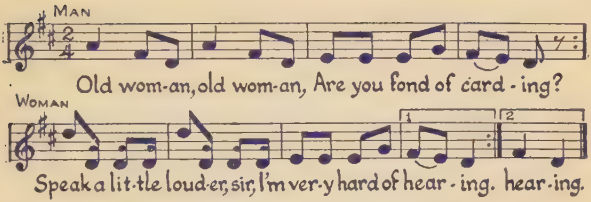
ve-ry, ve - ry best, And the sol - dier put { it — / it — / them / them } on.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS

Make new friends, and keep the old, The first are sil-ver, the oth-er gold.

SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER

Traditional



M—:Old woman, old woman, Are you fond of spinning?:
W—:Speak a little louder sir! I'm very hard of hearing:

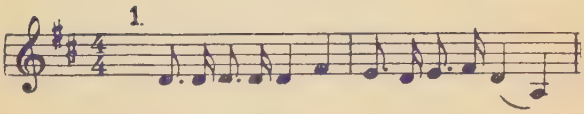
M—:Old woman, old woman, will you darn my stocking?:
W—:Speak a little louder sir! I'm very hard of hearing:

M—:Old woman, old woman, will you let me court you?:
W—:Speak a little louder sir! I just begin to hear you:

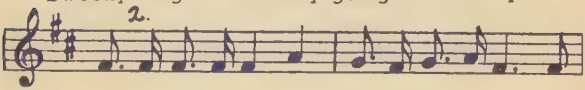
M—:Old woman, old woman, don't you want to marry me?:
W—:O, my goodness gracious me! I think that now I hear you:

The Donkey

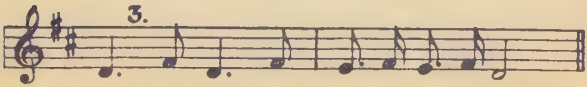
(Round)



Sweetly sings the donkey going out for hay



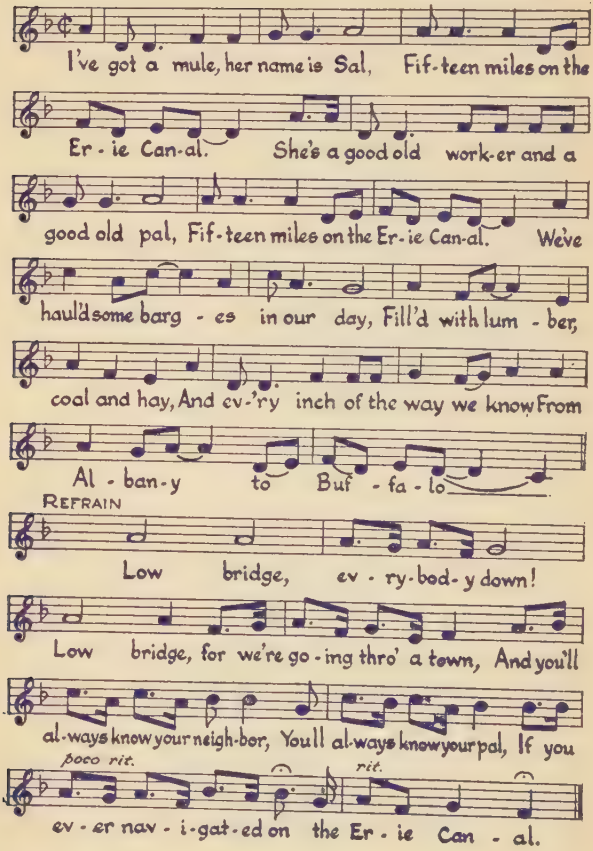
If you do not feed him, you will hear him say:



Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw.

ERIE CANAL

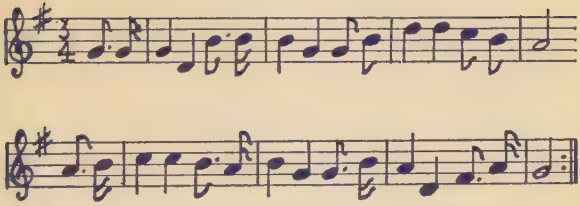
American Popular Song



We better get along on our way, old gal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal,
'Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
Git up there, mule, here comes a lock,
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock,
One more trip and back we'll go
Right back home to Buffalo. (Refrain)

Used by permission Jerry Vogel Music Co., New York

Clementine



In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever,
Drefful sorry, Clementine.

2.

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine;
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

3.

Drove she ducklings to the river
Every morning just at nine;
Stubbed her toe against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

4

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

5.

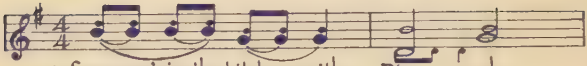
Then the miner, forty-niner
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter;
Now he's with his Clementine.

6

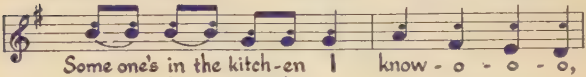
How I missed her, how I missed her!
How I missed my Clementine!
Till I kissed her little sister,
Fairer far than Clementine.

DINAH

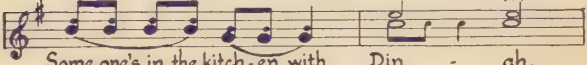
Arranged by Eugene Kidder



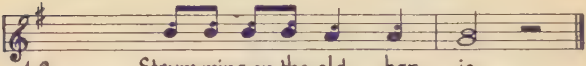
1. Some one's in the kitch-en with Din - ah,
2. Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,
3. Fee plunk, Fi plunk, Fidd-lee-i - o-plunk,



Some one's in the kitch-en I know - o - o - o,
Fee Fi Fidd-lee - i - o - o - o - o,
Fee Fi Fidd-lee - i - o-plunk, plunk, plunk,



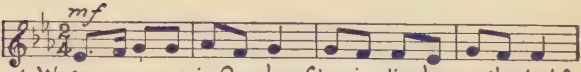
Some one's in the kitch-en with Din - ah,
Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,
Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,



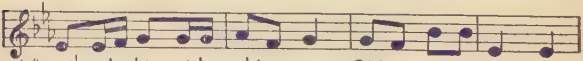
1,2. Strum-ming on the old ban - jo.
3. plunk, Strum-ming on the old ban - jo. plunk.

DONKEY RIDING

Canadian Sea Chanty

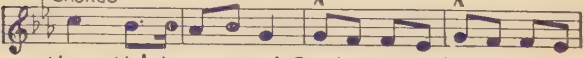


1. Were you ev-er in Que-bec, Stow-ing tim-ber on the deck?
2. Were you ev-er off the Horn, Where it's al-ways fine and warm?

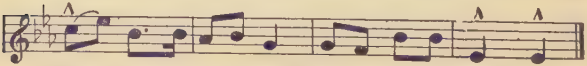


Where there's a king with a gold-en crown, Rid-ing on a don - key.
Seen the Lion and the U-ni-corn, Rid-ing on a don - key.

CHORUS

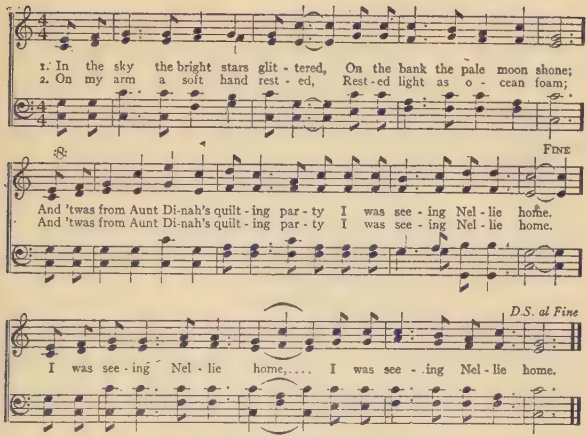


Hey, Ho! A-way we go! Don-key rid-ing, Don-key rid-ing,



Hey, Ho! A-way we go! Rid-ing on a don - key.

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY



3. On my lips a whisper trembled,
   Trembled till it dared to come;
   And 'twas from, etc.

4. On my life new hopes were dawning,
   And those hopes have lived and grown;
   And 'twas from, etc.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA!

Italian Popular Song

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic
And so do I! And so do I!
Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh, To pine and sigh,

But I, I love to spend my time in singing
Some joyous song, Some joyous song;
To set the air with music bravely ringing
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!

Harken! harken! music sounds afar!
Harken! harken! music sounds afar!
Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula!
Joy is ev'rywhere! Funiculi, funicula!

Music by Luiga Denza, 1880. Translated by Edw. Oxenford

SANTA LUCIA

Now 'neath the sil-ver moon o-cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm
Here balm-y breez-es blow, pure joys in-vite us, And as we

bil - low soft winds are blow-ing. Hark, how the
gent-ly row, all things de- . . . . . light us. Home of fair

sail-or's cry Joy-ous-ly ech-oes nigh: San - ta Lu-
Po-e-sy, Realm of pure har-mo-ny, San - ta Lu-

ci - a! San-ta Lu-ci a!
ci - a! . . . . . San-ta Lu-ci-a!

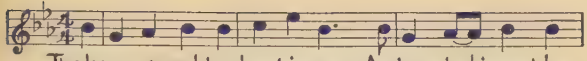
CHAIRS TO MEND

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Mack-er-el, fresh

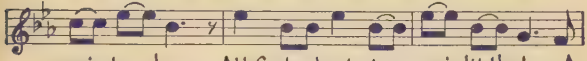
mack-er-el, An-y old rags, an-y old rags?

THE KEEPER

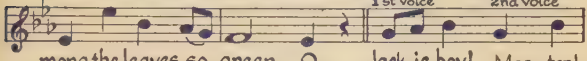
English Folk Song



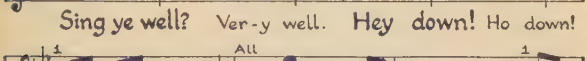
The keep-er would a-hunt-ing go, And un-der his coat he car-ried a bow,
The first doe she did cross the plain, The keep-er fetched her back a-gain;
The sec-ond doe she cross'd the brook; The keep-er fetched her back with his hook,



All for to shoot at a mer-rie lit-tle doe, A-mong the leaves so green, O.
Where she is now she may re-main, A-mong the leaves so green, O.
Where she is now you may go and look, A-mong the leaves so green, O.

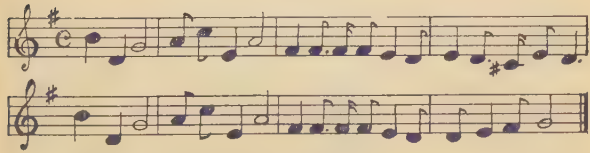


1st voice: Jack-ie boy! Mas-ter! Sing ye well? Ver-y well.
2nd voice: Hey down! Ho down! Der-ry, der-ry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O.



All: To my hey down, down! To my ho down, down! Hey down! Ho down! Der-ry, der-ry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O.

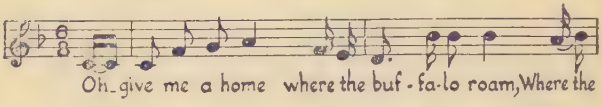
Dear Old Pals

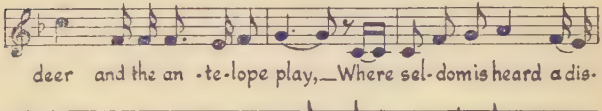


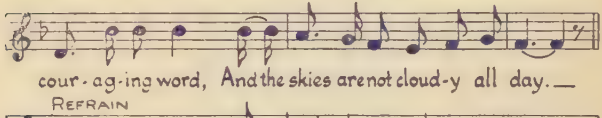
Dear old pals! Jolly old pals!
Always together in all sorts of weather,
Always game, ever the same.
Give me for friendship my jolly old pals!

HOME ON THE RANGE

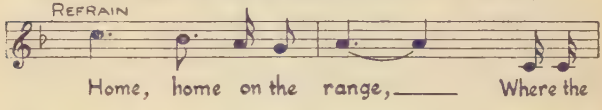
Cowboy Song

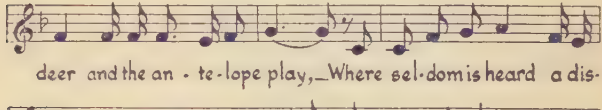


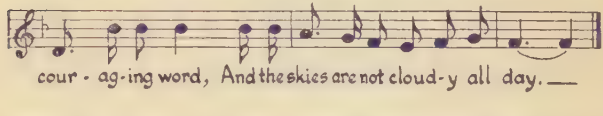




REFRAIN



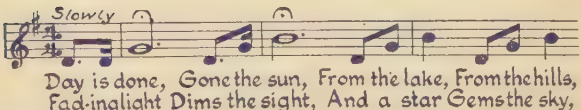


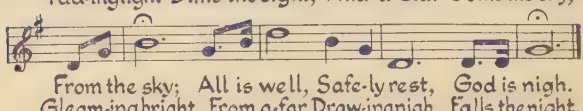


Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

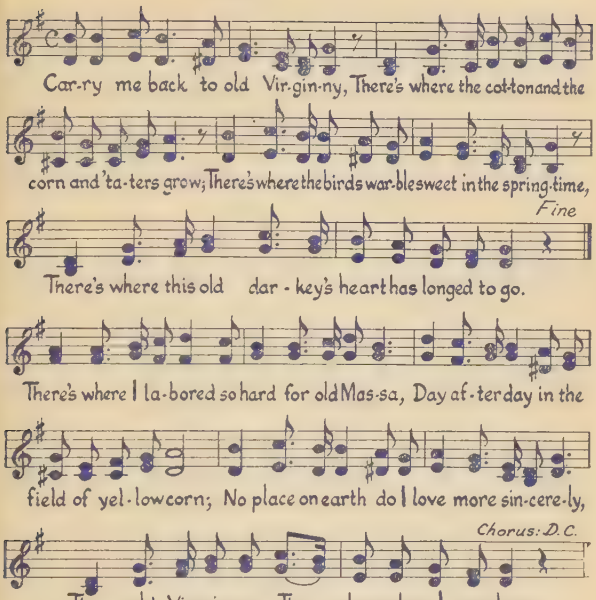
Day Is Done

TAPS





Carry Me Back to Old Virginny



JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,/ When on the world the mists began to fall,/ Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng/ Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;/ And in the dusk, where fell the firelights gleam,/ Softly it wove itself into our dream.

> REFRAIN: Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,/ And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go;/ Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,/ Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,/ Comes love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear love's song of yore,/ Deep in our heart it dwells forevermore/ Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,/ Still we can hear it at the close of day;/ So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,/ Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

JEANNIE WITH LIGHT BROWN HAIR

by Stephen C. Foster

1. I dream of Jean-ie with the light brown hair Borne like a va-por
2. I long for Jean-ie with the day-dawn smile, Ra-diant with glad-ness,
3. I sigh for Jean-ie when the day-light fades, Hour when the shad-ows

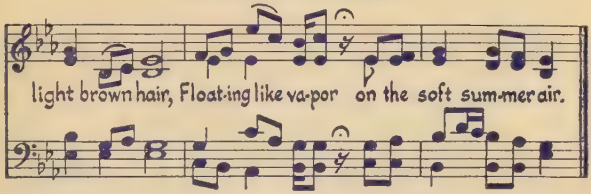
on the gold-en air. I see her trip-ping where the
warm with win-ning guile; I hear her mel-o-dies at-
haunt the dew-y glades; And when the stars a-dorn the

bright streams play (As) Gay as the dai-sies a-long the way.
tuned to love, (As) Warm as the sun light-ing heav'n a-bove.
mid-night skies; (Tis) I view their light as her own dear eyes.

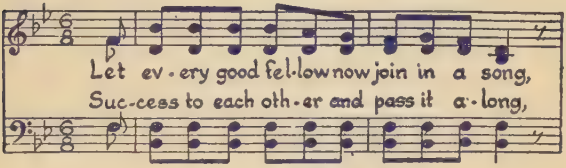
Man-y are the fond notes her mer-ry voice would pour, Ech-oed by the birds in the

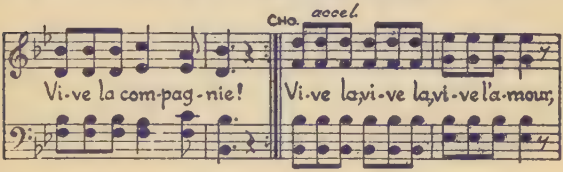
grove o'er and o'er. Ah! I dream of Jean-ie with the

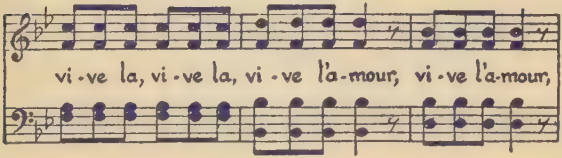
JEANNIE—Continued

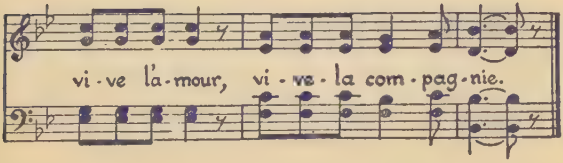


VIVE L'AMOUR



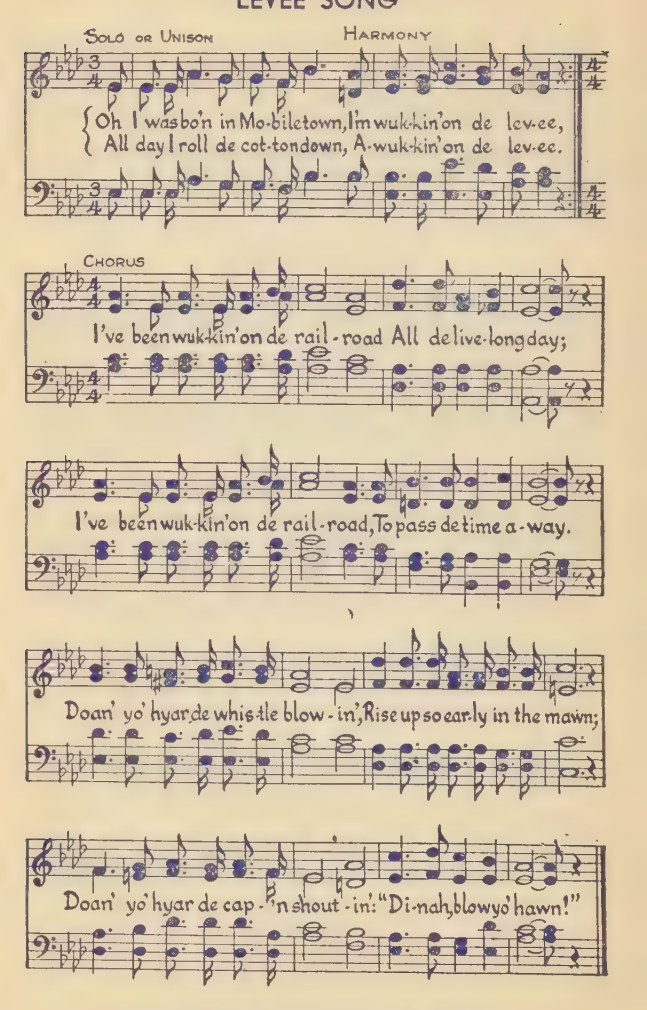






A friend on your left and a friend on your right,
Vive la compagnie!
In love and good fellowship let us unite,
Vive la compagnie!

LEVEE SONG



2. I use to have a dawg name Bill . . . .
He ran away but I'm here still . . . .

THE FOOT TRAVELER

German Folk Song

Brightly *mf*

1. On foot I gai - ly take my way, tra
2. No snail-pace friend I want, not I, tra

la la la la la; O'er moun - tain bare and
At ev - 'ry step to

mead - ow gay, tra la la la la la la. And
pause and sigh, At

he who is not of my mind, An - oth - er trav - 'ling
ev - ry step to sigh and groan, And o - ver oth - ers'

mate must find. He can - not walk with me, he
sins to moan, I'd rath - er walk a - lone, I'd

mf

can - not walk with me. Tra la la la la la la la
rath - er walk a - lone.

pp

la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra

p *f*

la, Tra la, Tra la la la la la la.

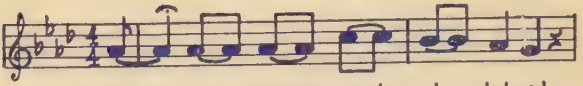
—From Franklin Square Song Book, by permission of Harper & Bros. Publishers.

WHITE SAND AND GRAY SAND

1 2 3

White sand and gray sand; Who'll buy my white sand; Who'll buy my gray sand?

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE



A frog went a- courting, and he did ride

H'm, h'm. A frog went a- courting, and

he did ride, Sword and pis - tol

by his side, H'm, h'm.

2. He rode up to Miss Mouse's door,
   Where he had never been before.

3. He took Miss Mouse upon his knee;
   Says: Miss Mouse, will you marry me?

4. Without my Uncle Rat's consent,
   I would not marry the President.

5. Then Uncle Rat gave his consent.
   The weasel wrote the publishment.

6. Then Uncle Rat went down to town,
   To buy his niece a wedding-gown.

7. The frog would laugh and shake his fat sides,
   To think Miss Mouse would be his bride.

8. O where will the wedding-supper be?
   Away down yonder in the hollow tree.

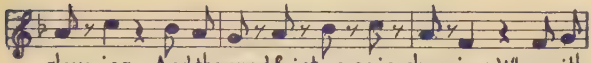
9. O what will the wedding-supper be?
   Three green beans and a black-eyed pea.

10. The first came in was a little moth
    To spread on the tablecloth.

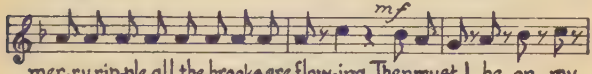
11. The next came in was a bumblebee
    With his fiddle on his knee.

TIRITOMBA

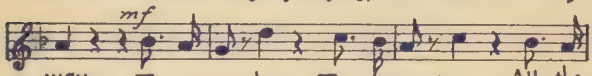
1. When the moun-tain top thru pur-ple mist is
2. When the morn-ing dew is still on pet-al



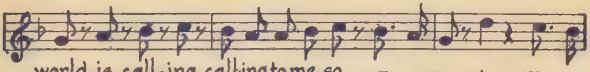
glow-ing, And the wood faint green is show-ing, When with
cling-ing, And the lark his song is fling-ing, O'er my



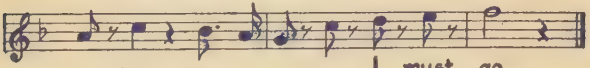
mer-ry rip-ple all the brooks are flow-ing, Then must I be on my
shoul-der stick and bun-dle gai-ly sling-ing, To the road I take my



way. Ti-ri-tom-ba, Ti-ri-tom-ba, All the
way. With my



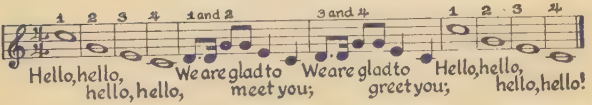
world is call-ing, call-ing to me so,
lust-y song the coun-try-side will ring, Ti-ri-tom-ba, Ti-ri



tom-ba, Ti-ri-tom-ba, I must go.
I must sing!

—Ten Folk Songs and Ballads, III. E. C. Schirmer Music Co.,

Harmony Greeting

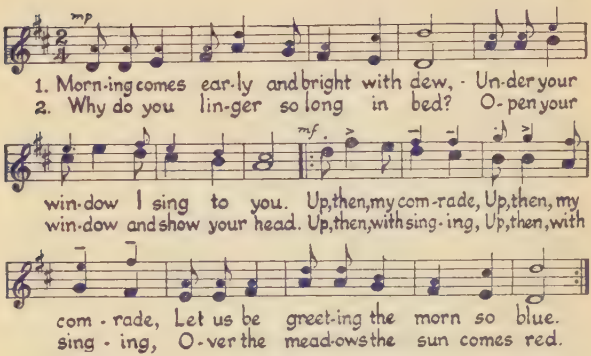


Hello, hello, hello, hello, We are glad to meet you; We are glad to greet you; Hello, hello, hello, hello!

Permission E. O. Harbin

MORNING COMES EARLY

Slovakia



—From Ten Folk Songs and Ballads, 1931. E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston. By permission.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

English Sea Chanty

O blow the man down bullies, blow the man down,
CHORUS: TO ME WAY-AY BLOW THE MAN DOWN
O blow the man down bullies, blow him away,
CHORUS: O GIM-ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

2

O the rags they was gone and the chains they were jammed.
TO ME WAY-AY BLOW THE MAN DOWN
And the skipper, says he, Let the weather be hanged,
O GIM-ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

3.

As I was a walking down Paradise street . . .
A saucy young damsel I happened to meet . . .

4.

I says to her "Polly and how d'ye do" . . .
Says she, "None the better for seeing of you" . . .

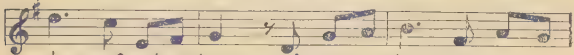
5

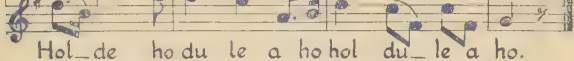
O we'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down . . .
We'll blow him away into Liverpool Town . . .

From Daily Express Community Song Book, London, 1927

Shepherd's Song

Trans. by Ann Underhill — Swiss Folk Song

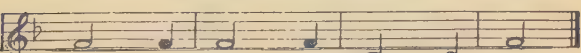




Accompaniment in ONE HUNDRED FOLK SONGS OF ALL NATIONS (Ditson)
Yodel from Consul General of Switzerland

GOOD NIGHT TO YOU ALL

Round



All Thru the Night

Welsh Folk Song

1. Sleep my child and peace attend thee All thru the night;
2. While the moon her watch is keeping

Guardian angels God will send thee, All thru the night. Soft the drowsy
While the weary world is sleeping O'er thy spirit

hours are creeping Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
gently stealing Visions of delight revealing,

I my loving vigil keeping, All thru the night.
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,

DEEP THE SILENCE

Tune: All Thru the Night — Welsh Folk Song

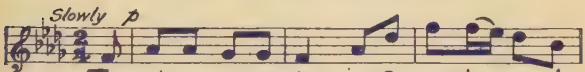
Deep the silence round us spreading,
All through the night;
Dark the path that we are treading
All through the night.

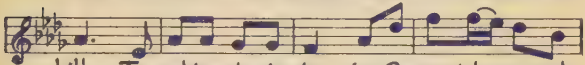
Still the coming day discerning,
By the hope within us burning,
To the dawn our footsteps turning,
All through the night.

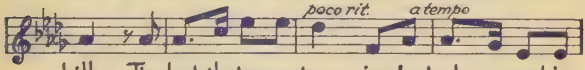
Star of Faith the dark adorning
All through the night,
Leads us fearless toward the morning,
All through the night.

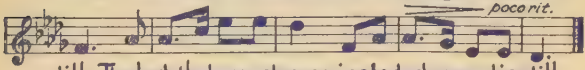
Though our hearts be wrapt in sorrow
From the home of dawn we borrow
Promise of a glad to-morrow
All through the night.

THE GOLDEN DAY IS DYING



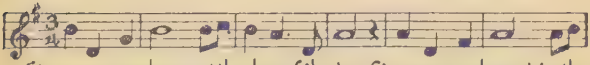


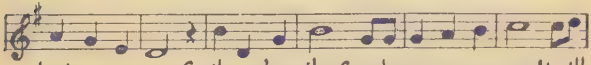


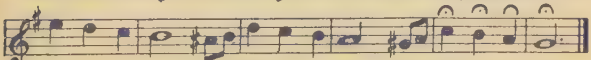


Used by permission. Piano accompaniment 20c, from E. C. Schirmer Music Co., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

SING YOUR WAY HOME

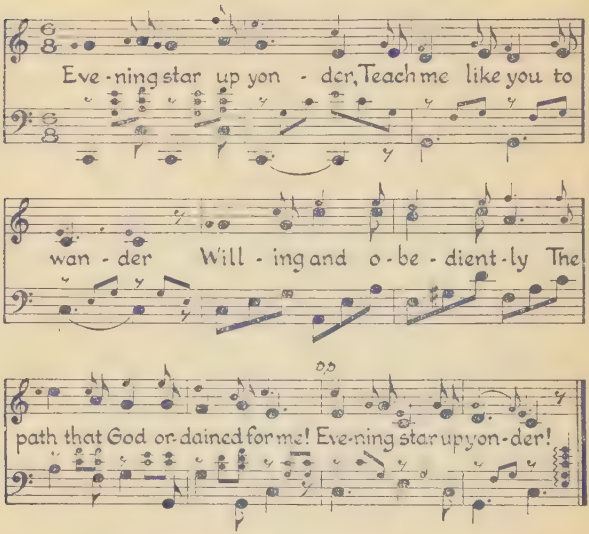






Evening Star

Carl Mortensen — Denmark



Teach me, gentle flowers,
To wait for springtime showers,
In this winter world to grow,
Green and strong beneath the snow,
Teach me, gentle flowers.

3.

Mighty ocean, teach me,
To do the task that needs me,
And reflects as days depart,
Heaven's peace within my heart,
Mighty ocean, teach me.

4.

Shady lanes, refreshing
Teach me to be a blessing,
To some weary soul each day,
Friends or foes who pass my way.
Shady lanes, refreshing.

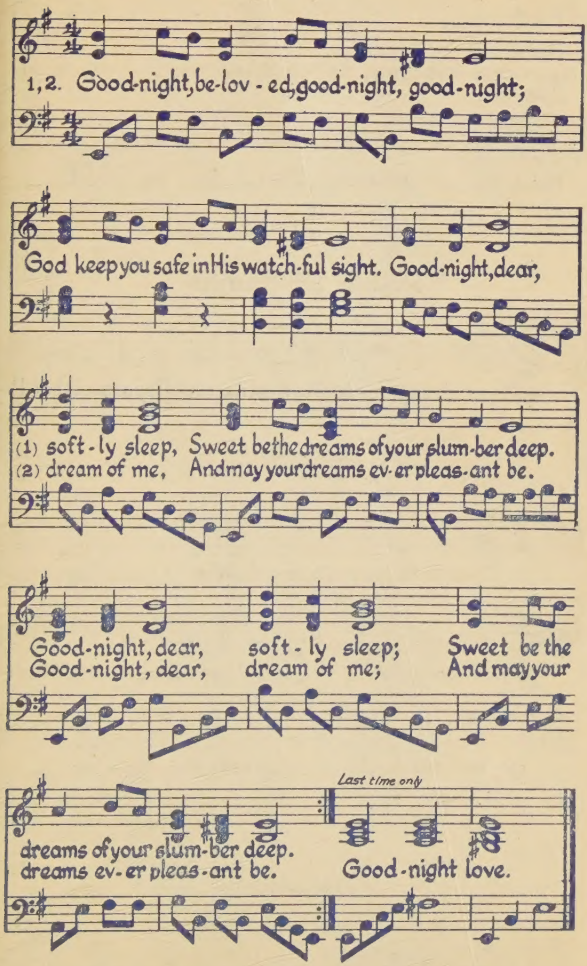
5.

Evening sun, descending,
Teach me, when life is ending.
Night shall pass, and I like you,
Shall rise again, where life is new.
Teach me, sun descending.

—From World of Song, permission Danish American Young People's League, Grandview College, Des Moines, Ia.

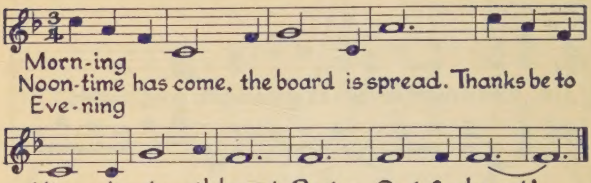
GOOD NIGHT BELOVED

Bohemia

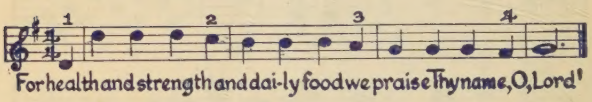


—From Twenty-two Bohemian Folk Songs, by permission

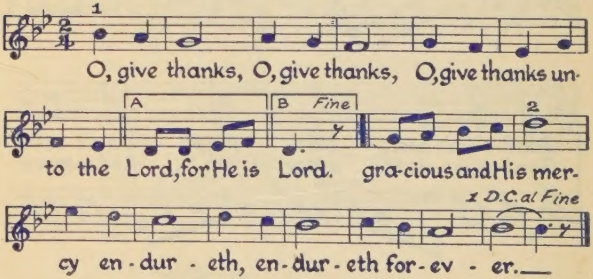
Praise for Bread



Round of Thanks

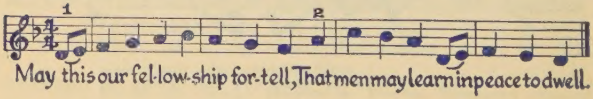


O, Give Thanks



NOTE: First group sings once thru; comes in again at 2; sings to fine. Second group comes in at 2 and sings once thru without D.C.

Fellowship



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